Qu. Say then who doeſt thou meane ſhall be her King?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who ſhould elſe?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madam?
Qu. How canſt thou woe her?
King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were beſt aquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart,
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and *Yorke*, then happily ſhe will weepe,
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometimes *Margret*
Did to thy Father, a handkercheffe ſteept in *Rutlands* blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtory of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'ſt away her vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vncle *Riuers*, yea, and for her ſake
Madeſt quicke conueiance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.
King. Inferre faire *Englands* peace by his alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchace with ſtill laſting warre.
King. Say that the King which may command intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.
King. Say ſhe ſhall be a high and mighty Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlaſtingly.
Qu. but how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end,
Qu. But how long fairely ſhall that title laſt?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.
King. Say I her ſoueraigne am her ſubiect loue.
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loths ſuch ſoueraingtie.

King.

King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being pl
King. Then in plaine tearmes tell her m
Qu. Plaine and not Honeſt is to harſh a
King. Madam your reaſons are too ſha
Qu. O no my reaſons are to deepe and
Too deepe and dead poore infants in th
Harpe on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings
King. Now by my George, my Garter
Qu. Prophain'd, diſhounor'd, and the t
King. I ſwere by nothing,
Qu. By nothing for this is no oath,
The George prophain'd, hath loſt his hol
The Garter blemiſht, pawn'd his Knigl
The Crowne vſurpt diſgrac't his Kingly
If nothing thou wilt ſwere to be beleeu
Sweare then by ſomething that thou haſ
King. Now, by the world:
Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs:
King. My Fathers death:
Qu. Thy ſelfe hath that diſhonor'd.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſuſeſt:
King. Why then by God:
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all:
If thou hadſt fear'd, to breake an oath b
The vnity the King thy brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brothe
If thou hadſt feard to breake an oth by
The Imperiall mettall circling now thy
Had grac't the tender tembles of my c
And both the Princes had beene breath
Which now two tender play-fellowe
Thy broken faith hath made a prey fo
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrong'd in time
For I my ſelfe haue many teares to waſ
Hereafter time for time, by the paſt w
The children liue, whoſe parents thou

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